Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.
As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes set vpon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeues are scattered, and possest with feare so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweare to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poynes. How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safety.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* cōmends the plot, & the generall course of the action, Zounds & I were now by this rascal I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vncle, & my selfe, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke* & *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Douglas*? haue I not all their letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of thē set forward already? What a pagan rascall is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe,

selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of ski
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tel t
we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter*
How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two ho

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight been
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron Warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are the
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the
Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen no
Hot. What Horse? a roane, a crop eare, is it not?
Ser. It is my Lord.